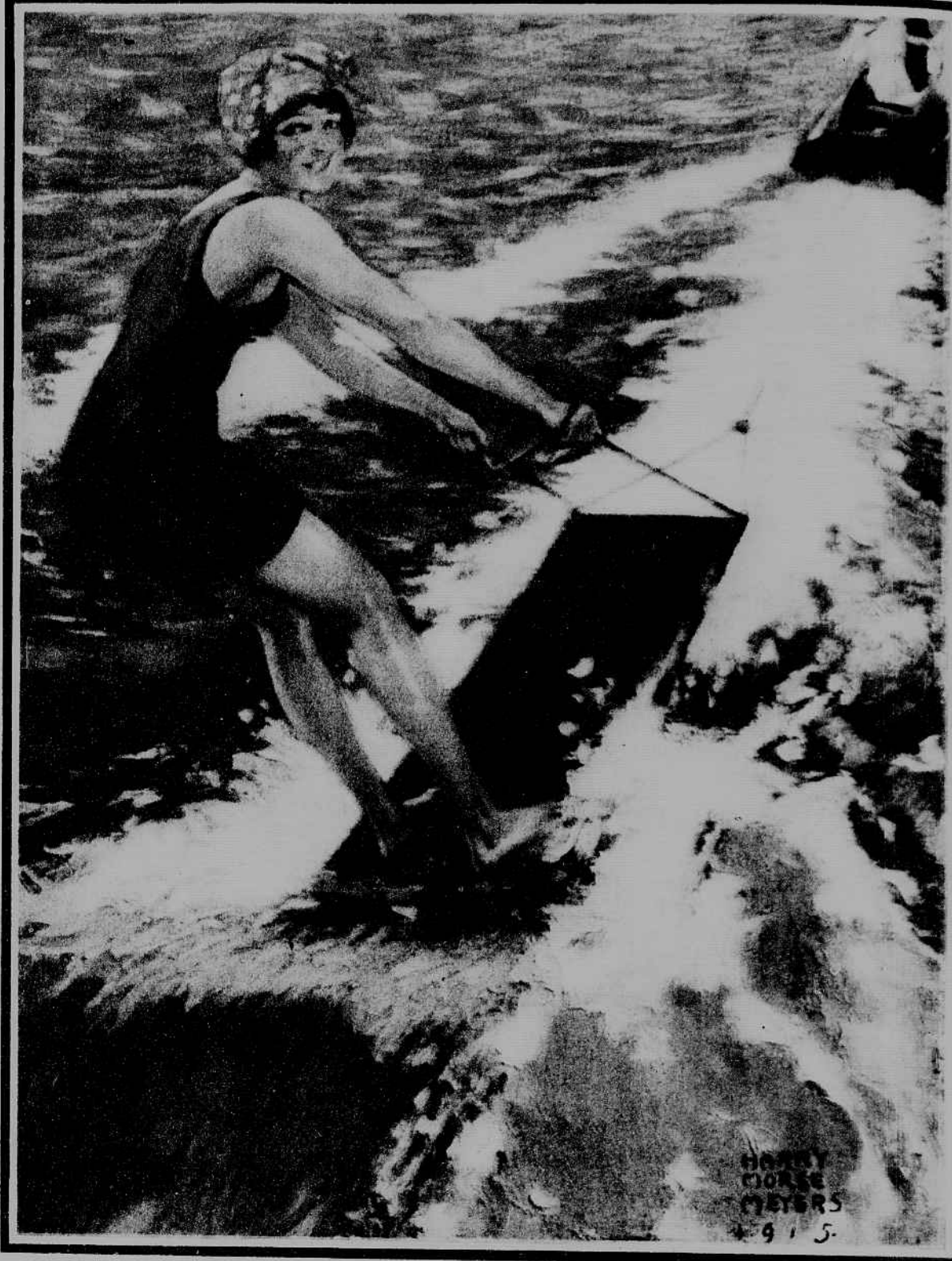


Courtesy of A. B. Kirschbaum



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## HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Scene: A large studio, half filled with smoke from an assortment of pipes, cigars and cigarettes. Through the dormer window can be seen the north

facade of the library and the green of Bryant Park.  
Time: Late winter afternoon.

PERHAPS the musical comedies are responsible, but incense, smocks and velvet tam-o'-shanters are associated in the public mind with studios. But not this studio. A timid interviewer was confronted by a group of intently arguing men, and the subject under discussion wasn't Cézanne, Matisse, or the Cubist movement, but the relative merits of D. H. 4s as compared with Nieuport 2s. For through our late unpleasantness with Germany Harry Morse Meyers laid aside paints and brushes and took up the study of loops, tailspins and vrilles. This afternoon was typical, for most of the flying men in the city know Harry Meyers, late Flight Lieutenant, U. S. A. And the studio has become a rendezvous for men who a short few months ago were piloting scrappy little chasse planes or lordly bombers in spite of the efforts of Archies and Boche airmen.

The artistic world knows Harry Morse Meyers as an interpreter of feminine beauty, and magazine covers, both editorial, front and advertising back, with posters, lithographs and window display, have carried his artistic message to the public. Don't misunderstand me, please. While machine guns and joy-sticks are favorite topics of conversation, there is a lot of work done.

The pretty little model who was posing seemed unconcerned enough at the talk and smoke barrage, and the canvas which was destined to become a color page in "The National Magazine" seemed to thrive on air stories. We left with a slightly changed viewpoint on art and artists. Meyers even wears overalls when he works.

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